Powersville, Ky., April 27th.—Mrs. J. J. Ionson, who has been ill for over eight years, says:

"Yes, it is truly wonderful. I am 36 years of age and for the last eight years I have suffered with acute Kidney trouble.

"I tried all the doctors within reach and many other medicines, but got no relief till I used that new remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pilla

Pills.

"I was confined to my bed for four months this winter and had such a pain in my side I couldn't get a good breath. I had smothering spells, was light-headed and had given up all hope, for I didn't think I could live

"After I had taken a few of Dodd's Kid-ney Pills I began to improve and I kept on till now, as you can see, I am well.

"I have been up and down doing my own

work for some time now and haven't felt pain or weakness since.
"I praise the Lord for my wonderful restoration to health and will always recomnend Dodd's Kidney Pills."

## Metaphysics in Scotch.

A Scotchman thus defines metaphysics:
"When a mon wha kens naething aboot
any subject, takes a subject that nae mon
kens anything aboot and explains it to anither mon still more ignorant than himself
—that is metaphysics. —Lare.

Many School Children Are Sickly. Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, break up Colds cure Feverishness, Constipation and destroy Worms. All Druggists. 25c. Sample FREE Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, New York

His Condition.—"But he's a professional humorist." "Well?" "But you just referred to him as an 'unconscious humorist." "So he was on the occasion I have in mind. He had tried to be funny with a tough gent from the Fourth ward."—Philadelphia Press.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them; and they nearly all agree in telling the rest of us that it isn't what it's cracked up to be, anyway.—Brooklyn Life.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17,1900.

"I is always sorry," said Uncle Eben, "to see a man hoardin' his pennies like a miser an' squanderin' his opportunities like a mil-lionaire."—Washington. Star.

"The Klean, Kool Kitchen Kind" is the trade mark on stoves which enable you to cook in comfort in a cool kitchen.

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "is so busy puttin' oats in de race hoss stable dat dey can't keep de wolf i'um deir own doors."— Washington Star.

Somehow the game that is not worth the candle never lacks for either players or candles.—Puck. Money refunded for each package of Putnam Fadeless Dyes if unsatisfactory.

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A luxury becomes a necessity just as soon as we can afford to have it.—Puck.

## HARD TO BEAR.



aches and pains so badly, can't workcan't rest-can't sleep - can't eatit's hard to bear.

Thousands of aching backs have been relieved and cured. People are learning that backache pains come from disordered Kidneys, that Doan's Kidney Pills cure every Kidney illcure Bladder troubles, urinary de-rangements, Dropsy, Diabetes, Dropsy, Bright's disease.

Read this testimony to the merit of the greatest of Kidney specifics: J. W. Walls, Superintendent of Streets of Lebanon, Kentucky, living on East Main Street in that city,

'With my nightly rest broken, owing to irregularities of the kidneys, suffering intensely from severe pains in the small of my back and through the kidneys, and annoyed by painful passages of abnormal secretions, life was anything but pleasant for me. No amount of doctoring relieved this condition, and for the reason that nothing seemed to give me even temporary relief, I became about discouraged. One day I noticed in the newspapers the case of a man who was afflicted as I was and was cured by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. His words of praise for this remedy were so sincere that on the strength of his statement I went to the Hugh Murrey Drug Co.'s store and got a box. I found that the medicine was exactly as powerful a kidney remedy as represented. I experienced quick nd lasting relief. Doan's Kidney alls will prove a blessing to all sufferers from kidney disorders who will give them a fair trial."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Walls will be mailed to any part of the United States on application. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists; price 50 cents per box.





## A KNIGHT OF THE HIGHWAY

By CLINTON SCOLLARD, Author of "A Man at Arms," "The Son

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CHAPTER II.-CONTINUED.

Rossiter was more than surprised at this spontaneous proposal. He was not accustomed to gratitude, and that he should inspire anyone with enough confidence to suggest such an arrangement struck him with something like amazement. But the more he meditated upon the suggestion the more tempting it was to him. Three weeks and a half had yet to elapse before the first of Octo-

ber. If he should decide to return and accept the .ffer made by his brother's acquaintance, here was an opening which would enable him to go back with a little money in his pocket, doubtless more than he could earn as a hostler.

"It's mighty good of you to mention such a thing," said he. "Are you sure you really mean it?" "Mean it!" echoed the young man

-"well, I guess!" "Then I'm with you!" exclaimed Rossiter, surprised the instant he had spoken at his own earnestness and

"My name's Joe Becraft," said the young man, "and this is my brother

"Mine is Philip Rossiter-Phil, if you like," said the vagabond, and then he was suddenly conscious that he had given his full name for the first time in three years. Ross he had been accustomed to call himself when there was any question of identity.

"Is it a good omen," he asked himself, "or is it but the beginning of another failure?"

CHAPTER III.

OFF FOR THE HOP-FIELDS. "You see it's like this," Joe Becraft was saying as the three trudged slowly in the blazing sun across the meadow towards the city. "The mill where I've been workin these six years, an' where Jim's just startin' in, has shut down a month for repairs, so we're gettin' a holiday.

Ma always goes pickin' hops, an' Mame—she's my sister—but Jim an' me, we ain't so lucky every year." "You like it, then?" inquired Rossiter. "You'd better believe I do. So'd

you if you were shut up in a mill all the rest of the time." "Haven't you a good position?"
"Oh, yes, I'm not kickin'. I'm

under-overseer in the cardin'-room. I'll get to be overseer, perhaps, one of these days, an' then—" He broke off. There was a happy look in his eyes and he gave a little laugh, while Jim chuckled audibly.

"What are you snickerin' at, you

young jay?" cried his brother, making a pretense of being provoked, and vainly trying to cuff the offender. The more Rossiter talked with the elder Becraft the more did he grow to respect, if not to admire, him, he was so wholly natural, so independent, so self-poised, and yet so entirely without conceit. He was uneducated, save in a rudimentary way, having been the mainstay of the family for eight years, yet he kept himself informed on the topics of the day, and had his opinions on public affairs, which were more free from bias than the views held by most of those in his station in life. Crude he was, but earnest, frank and warmbearted, and Rossiter was shamed when he contrasted his own weakness and lack of purpose with this young fellow's unassuming strength. As the three reached the square

beyond the railway tracks, Rossiter noticed that Joe Becraft was beginning to lag and show signs of exhaustion. "You'd better have a drink of

whisky to brace you up," he said. "A milk-shake will do the business," Becraft replied. "It's too hot for whisky. May be you'd like a nip, though," he added, with a peculiar sidelong glance, which the vagrant caught. It was as though the younger man was surmising what the elder's habits might be.

"Oh, no," Rossiter said, not betraying the fact that he noticed Becraft's scrutiny, "I'm not much on whisky myself. I like a little beer now and again, however."

"Yes, beer ain't bad, but the shake is what I need now. I feel a bit empty.'

They stopped at a small corner drug store, where all three had the drink which Joe Becraft craved, though the clerk looked askance when he came to serve Rossiter.

"My mother's waitin' at the Cottage hotel," said the elder Becraft, when they again stood upon the sidewalk. "That's where the hop wagon's to come for us about two o'clock. Now before we go up, for we want you to come along with us, I've got something to propose You'll take it all right, won't you?"

"Perhaps I know what it is," answered Rossiter, for several times he had seen Becraft furtively regarding his hair and beard.

"Do you?"

"I can guess."
"Well, if that's the case, you ain't a-goin' to mind, are you? You can pay me back, you know." "You'll trust me to pay you back,

then?" "Trust you to? Why, of course will. You'll pay me if you've got

anythin' to pay with, an' you'll have it all right after a little." "I don't believe there are many who would take your view of it."

"P'raps not, for, to tell the truth, you ain't what the boys would call a swell.' But a shave an' a hair cut'll make a sight of difference. I know of a place close by where we'll go. A chap from our town keeps it." As they turned from the main

thoroughfare, which was called Keneseo street, a puff of warm wind blew a cloud of dust in their faces.

"Thunder!" ejaculated Joe Becraft, "I've swallowed enough nasty stuff for one day. Do you know," he the stables, where the vagrant made

added, "for a decent city, this town is one of the dirtiest goin'! 'Taint as bad as it used to be, but it's plenty bad enough."

Rossiter was not posted in the mat ter of municipal street-cleaning, so he did not reply to these observa-tions. They had not walked more than a block when they saw a barber's striped pole, and entered a little shop where a dapper young man, with elaborately brushed hair and a not over-clean white duck jacket, was making change for a customer whom he had been shaving.

"Hullo, Joe!" said this individual, what are you up to?"

"Oh, the mill's shut down for a few weeks, an' I'm off hop-pickin' with the family," answered Becraft. "Friend of mine, here," he continued, indicating Rossiter, "wants you to fix him up."

The barber's attention was for the first time directed to the companion of the Becraft brothers. "Say-" he began.

"No Jollyin', now," interrupted Joe. 'He took an oath a while ago that he wouldn't get a shave or hair cut till you cleaned your streets properly but he's backed out."

The barber exploded in a guffaw. "Lucky for him he has," he anwered, "unless he means to hire out to Forepaugh or Buffalo Bill as the wild man of Borneo."

While Rossiter's locks were being trimmed and his beard removed. Joe Becraft and his tonsorial friend kept their tongues continually wagging. Their conversation had chiefly to do with the town of their nativity and a certain portion of its inhabitants, and Rossiter listened with not a little inward amusement, for each young man had, in his way, a sense of broad humor that flashed out in their comments upon people. Finally the barber's task was accomplished, and he removed the soiled apron from Rossiter's neck with a flourish and a-"There you are, sir!"

"Gosh!" Joe Becraft exclaimed, "I wouldn't believe you were the same

fellow." . The change in the vagabond's appearance was indeed great. His rather large, clear-cut features showed to an advantage without beard or mustache, and though the the first time would have said that its possessor was endowed with a strong individuality. His deep brown eyes were laughing and grave by turns. The discontent and bitterness which showed in the expression of his mouth were not to be seen habit-ually. Dissipation had left no mark upon his countenance, for although at times Rossiter had imbibed freely, he was very far from being a drunkard; indeed, he had no special taste for liquor, and had frequently resorted to it not so much because he craved it as because it took him out

Becraft produced some silver and paid his townsfellow.

"Its my treat to-day," he explained. They now retraced their steps to thoroughfare until they came to the Becraft regarded his new friend spec-

ulatively. "Say," he at length broke out, as railing, idly scanning a steam packet you know." that was moored below, "you've been used to a different sort of life, haven't

Rossiter did not reply at once. "Yes," he said finally.

"Had an education, an' all that?"

"I thought so. You don't talk like -well, like most of the people I "I'm not aware of any difference."

"Oh, yes, you are. That is, you would be if you'd stop to think about "I got through thinking some time

ago, at least I so imagined until "You know, an education," said Be-

craft, not heeding Rossiter's last remark, "is something I'm always wishin' I had. It's a great thing." "I've certainly not done very much with mine," replied the wanderer.

"How'd it happen?" "It's hard to say. I don't doubt another-you, for instance, would have profited by it, but as for me-" He ended with an expressive shrug

of his shoulders. They continued to look at the steam-packet for several minutes longer, and then resumed their walk towards the Cottage hotel.

"Don't b'lieve we'd better say anythin' about my swimmin' ex-perience to Ma, Jim," observed Joe Becraft, as they left the main street for the narrower thoroughfare where the hotel they sought was situated. "Like as not she'd have a blue fit.'

"Bet she would," replied Jim. "She's pretty nervous about my realth sometimes," Joe explained. 'You see, father died o' consump-

"Why should you say anything to her about it?" inquired Rossiter. "Certainly, so far as I am aware, there's not the slightest reason for your doing so."

"Oh, but I want her to know some day what you did for me. I'll tell her about it up in the hop-yard. She won't take on so there. I mean, she won't give it to me quite so strong about bein' careless, an' all that." "Have it as you will," said Rossi-ter, "but I should be rather pleased

if you made no mention of it what-"I'm goin' to introduce you," said Joe, "as a friend who's done me a good turn. That'll explain our fetchin'

you along." Rossiter now descried in the distanee the staring letters-"Cottage Hotel"-above a large and rambling wooden building, so he intimated that before he met the mother and sister of his companions he would like to make a slight change in his ap-

"I've got another shirt in here," he said, displaying his bundle, "that looks more presentable than this one

"Ma ain't over particular," said Joe, but as Rossiter insisted, they turned up at the side of the hotel and sought

the desired alteration. He could but | smile to himself as he was affecting this, the experience was so novel to him. It was many a long day since he had given much heed to what any-

roof Chality raded IFIN ?

one thought of him. The hotel stood upon a corner, and on two sides of it there was a wide veranda, at one end of which mother and daughter were sitting. The girl was a plain, shy miss of 17, while the mother proved to be a woman of ample proportions; with a worn but kindly face which showed that her path through life had not been among the roses. Her manner towards Rossiter was at first marked by a decided reserve, but when her son explained that he was indebted to "the gentleman" for a very particular favor, she thawed perceptibly, and later, when Rossiter contrived to



TIONS.

compliment Joe while the latter was not listening, she quite beamed upon him, and thereafter the new-comer was fully established in her good graces.

It was not long before the clock in the city hall not far distant proclaimed the hour of noon, a fact that was reiterated by sundry whistles of different tones in various parts of the

"You might as well be gettin' the lunch out, Mamie," said Mrs. Becraft to her daughter. "I presume the boys are ready for it, we had such an early breakfast.'

Rossiter now rose, remarking that he would join them later.

"No, you don't," announced Joe Be-craft. "You ain't goin' to run off like lines of his chin indicated a lack of that. We've got enough for ourselves decision, one studying his face for an' two or three more. Besides, you'll offend Ma if you skip out when they's any eatin' goin' on. She'll take it as a slight to her cookin'."

There was a general laugh at this, and as Mrs. Becraft assured Rossiter that her son knew her failings, he was without much difficulty persuaded to resume his seat. Mamie Becraft soon emerged from the hotel parlor (thus designated by a little strip of painted tin fastened above the door) bearing a capacious basket, which was found to contain an abundance of bread and butter, doughnuts, and cookies. Joe darted across the way and purchased a bag of peaches from a fruit vender, and then the al fresco uses Peruna in his practice. The follow-ing case is an example of the success he has through the use of Peruna for ca-

feast proceeded with much gusto. "You see what I have to provide for, Mr. Rossiter," said Mrs. Becraft, smiling at Jim, who was rapidly mak-Keneseo street, and followed this ing away with his fourth fried cake. "But, dear me, their appetite now is elaborate lift-bridge spanning the nothin' to what it will be when we Ontario canal. From time to time get into the hop fields. I don't know what Mrs. Merton will say when she sees how her pies an' things disappear. Did you ever hear of the Merthe three paused and leaned over the tons? It's to their place we are goin',

"He's goin' too," put in Joe. "Oh, indeed! I didn't under-stand," said Mrs. Becraft. "I suppose mebbe you're acquainted with the

"No, I'm not," said Rossiter. "Well, Mr. Merton is one of the largest hop growers near Hinton-

ville. His farm is about 21/2 miles from the village." "You've been there, then?"

"Yes, last year, Mamie an' I, but the boys never have." Soon others began to arrive at the hotel, and by half-past one as many as 25 people-men, women, boys and girls-had gathered on or about the piazza. A few were acquaintances of Mrs. Becraft and her daughter and there was a slight interchange of talk. A subdued air of expectancy, however, pervaded the company, and the eyes of many, of the male portion more particularly, were constantly turned in the direction of Keneseo street. Just before two there was a cry of "Here he comes!" followed by a general movement towards the railing on the part of those upon the veranda. Over the heads of two boys who had crowded in front of him Rossiter beheld a long wagon with seats running longitudinally, drawn by two powerful horses, moving leisurely towards the hotel. The driver, perched upon a seat considerably higher than the body of the wagon, swayed from one side to another as the clumsy vehicle rattled over the cobble-stone pavement, the smooth asphalt having not yet been laid in front of the

Cottage hotel. "It's Jack Parmelee," Rossiter heard Mamie Becraft say to one of her brothers. "He's Mr. Merton's brother-in-law, an' oversees the

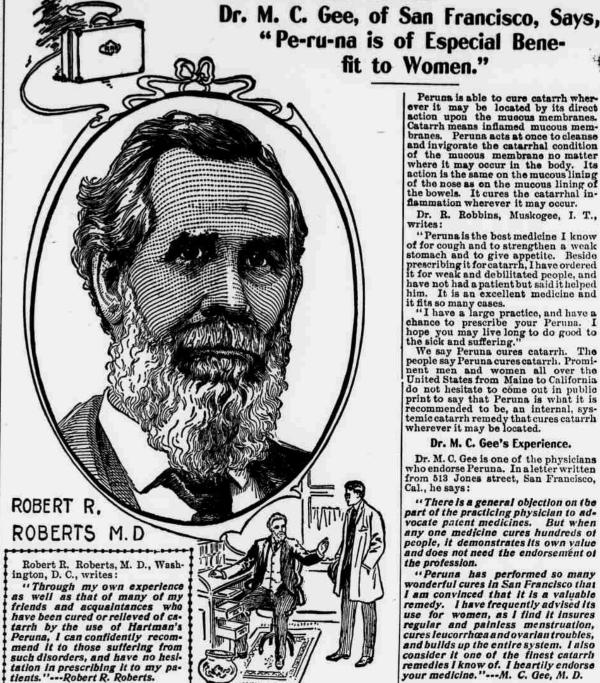
farm." The individual in question, an energetic appearing man of about 45, his hat pushed back upon his head, the dust clinging to his brown beard and causing it to seem flecked with gray, presently pulled his horses up before the hotel and surveyed those gathered upon the sidewalk and ve

"All here?" he demanded, his gruff voice sounding as though it might have proceeded from his boots. "Well, pile in!" he added, not giving anyone time to answer. "Any trunks?"

Those who had belongings hastened to load them into the wagon; then there was a good-natured scramble for seats. Rossiter assisted Joe with the two satchels and large basket containing the possessions of the Becraft family, and then found himself seated between the two brothers, with Mrs. Becraft and her daughter opposite.

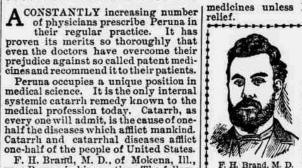
"All right there?" inquired Jack Parmelee, surveying the load from his superior height with a glow of

"Right!" cried someon "Get up!" cried the animated Jehn The big horses braced themselves: the heavy wagon moved; and the journey to the hop fields was begun. OMINENT PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE PE-RU-NA



edicines unless I could assure her

"I put her on Pe-



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"Peruna is the best medicine I know of for cough and to strengthen a weak stomach and to give appetite. Reside prescribing it for catarrh, I have ordered it for weak and debilitated people, and have not had a patient but said it helped him. It is an excellent medicine and it fits a preparate or the said of the said o it fits so many cases.
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chance to prescribe your Peruna. I hope you may live long to do good to the sick and suffering."
We say Peruna cures catarrh. The people say Peruna cures catarrh. Promi-

nent men and women all over the United States from Maine to California do not hesitate to come out in public print to say that Peruna is what it is recommended to be, an internal, systemic catarrh remedy that cures catarrh wherever it may be located.

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the profession. "Peruna has performed so many wonderful cures in San Francisco that I am convinced that it is a valuable remedy. I have frequently advised its use for women, as I find it insures regular and painless menstruation, cures leucorrhœa and ovarian troubles, and builds up the entire system. I also consider it one of the finest catarrh remedies I know of. I heartily endorse

your medicine."---M. C. Gee, M. D. Women are especially liable to pelvio catarrh, female weakness as it is commonly called. Especially in the first few weeks of warm weather do the disagreeable symptoms of female weakness "I put her on Peruna and told her to come back in two weeks. The effects were wonderful. The cast downlook she had when I first saw her had left her and a smile adorned her face. She told me she felt a different woman, her hearing was improved and her eyes did not trouble her any more. "This is only one case of the many I have treated with your valuable medicine."—F. H. Brand, M. D.

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factory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable ad-

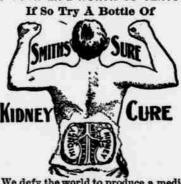
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